

HANOVER, DEC. 22, 1803.

## HINDU PHILOSOPHER.

SALUTATION TO CANESA,

Beloved El Hassan, Friend of my Heart,

AS the pilgrim, who having traversed immense deserts, where no verdure springs to cheer the eye, and not a flower perfumes the scorching winds; arriving at length in some green vale, where rivulets are enamelled with banks of flowers, trees drop balsamic gums, birds sing in the thicket, and fragrance floats in the wind, stops a while; and, enchanted by such various beauty, lingers till evening; so I, having arrived in the Elysian regions of poetry and imagination, not content to stay an hour, and then depart, still love to ramble into every grove, and to taste the beauties of every prospect.

As my last contained some of the many beauties of Solomon's Song, it now remains to exhibit some specimens of the Gitagovinda. Thou, my friend, wilt remember, that the subject of this Poem is the loves of RADHA and KRISHNA.—Krishna is called through the poem by several other names, as *Heri*, *Madhava*, the vanquisher of the demon *Cesi*, the destroyer of *Carsa*, &c.

The introductory lines of the Poem inform the reader of the subject.

"The firmament is obscured by clouds; the woodlands are black with Tamala trees. That youth, who roves in the forest will be fearful in the gloom of night. Go my daughter, bring the wanderer home to my rustic mansion. Such was the command of Nanda, the fortunate herdsman; and hence arose the love of RADHA and MADHAVA, who sported on the banks of Yamuna, or hastened eagerly to the secret bower."

Obedient to the command of her father, Radha goes out into the forest in search of Krishna. The poem then proceeds.

"Radha sought him long in vain, and her thoughts were confounded by the fever of desire. She roved in the vernal morning among the twining Vantas, covered with soft blossoms; when a damsel thus addressed her with youthful hilarity. The gale, that has wandered round the beautiful clove plants, breathes now from the hills of Maylaya. The Tamala, with leaves dark and odorous, claims a tribute from the musk, which it vanquishes. See the bunches of Pali flowers filled with bees, like the quiver of Smara, full of shafts;

\* The story of the following poem is simply this. Krishna, or "the divine goodness," having descended from heaven wanders about in the forest, at the twilight, waiting for Radha or "the human soul," to come forth voluntarily, and solicit him to enter her cottage, and share its hospitality.

Radha, delaying to go forth, Krishna, offended, betakes himself to those, who are more anxious for his presence.

Radha, alarmed and almost in despair, seeks the offended God a long time in the forest. She seeks him long in vain; but at length is admitted to his embraces; although this is the consummation of her wishes, still she exhibits the coyness and reluctance of beauty resolving to submit, yet loth to yield its independence.

The ardor of Krishna represents the ready disposition of the "divine goodness" to be reconciled to "the human soul."

The "officious friend" of Radha, probably represents the combined force of an awakened conscience, and an alarmed imagination.

It is necessary to remember that both Krishna and Radha are called frequently by other names; but they are easily distinguished by their actions and sentiments.

while the Amra tree, with blooming tresses, is embraced by the gay creeper Atimucta, and the blue streams of Yamuna,\* wind round the groves of Vrindavan. In this charming season, which gives pain to separated lovers, young Heri sports and dances with a company of damsels."

The jealous Radha gave no answer; and soon after, her officious friend, perceiving the foe of Mura in the forest, eager for the rapturous embraces of the herdsmen's daughters, with whom he was dancing, thus again addressed his forgotten mistress.

"With a garland of wild flowers, descending even to the yellow mantle, that girds his azure limbs, distinguished by smiling cheeks and by earrings, that sparkle, as he plays, *Heri exults in the assembly of amorous damsels*. One of them presses him with her swelling breast; while the warbles with exquisite melody. Another, affected by a glance from his eye, stands meditating on the lotos of his face. A third, on pretence of whispering a secret in his ear, approaches his temples and kisses them with ardor. One seizes his mantle, and draws him towards her, pointing to the bower on the banks of Yamuna; where elegant Vanjulas interweave their branches. He applauds another, who dances in the sportive circle; whilst her bracelets ring, as she beats time with her palms. Now he caresses one, and kisses another, smiling on a third with complacency; and now he chafes her, whose beauty has most allured him. Thus the wanton Heri frolics, in the season of sweets, among the maids of Vraja, who rush to his embraces, as if he were pleasure itself, assuming a human form; and one of them, under a pretext of hymning his divine perfections, whispers in his ear "thy lips, my beloved, are nectar."

"Radha remains in the forest; but resenting the promiscuous passion of Heri, retires to a bower of twining plants; and there falling languid on the ground, she thus addresses her female companion."

Here follows a charming strain of love, resentment and forgiveness, which the poet puts into the mouth of Radha. The following are among the finest passages.

"Though he take recreation in my absence, and smile on all around him; yet my soul remembers him, whose locks are decked with the plumes of peacocks, resplendent with many coloured moons; and whose mantle gleams with a dark blue cloud, illumined with rainbows. Bring him, who formerly slept on my bosom, to recline with me on a green bed of leaves just gathered; while his lip sheds dew, and my arms enfold him. Bring him, who formerly drew me by the locks to his embrace, to repose with me; whose feet tinkle, as they move, with rings of gold and of gems; whose loosened zone sounds, as it falls; and whose limbs are slender and flexible, as the creeping plant. Soft is the gale, which breathes over yon clear pool, and expands the clustering blossoms of the voluble Afoea. Soft, yet grievous to me, is the absence of the foe of Madhu. Delightful are the flowers of Amra trees, on the mountain top; while the murmuring bees pursue their voluptuous toil. Delightful, yet afflicting to me, O friend, is the absence of the youthful Cefava."

Remorse, in the mean time, seizes the breast of Krishna, whom the poet here calls "the destroyer of Carsa." He leaves the wanton shepherdesses, begins a fruitless search for Radha; and seating himself in a bower, pours forth his lamentations.

"She is departed. She saw me, no doubt, surrounded by the wanton shepherdesses. Woe is me! she feels a sense of injured honor, and is departed in wrath. I seem to behold her face, with eye brows contracting themselves through her just resentment. It resembles a fresh lotos, over which two black bees are fluttering. Grant me but a sight of thee,

\* An Indian river.

O lovely Radha, for my passion torments me. I am not the terrible Mahesa. A garland of water lilies, with subtil threads, decks my shoulders; not serpents with twisted folds; the blue petals of the lotos glitter on my neck; not the azure gleam of poison. Powdered sandal wood is sprinkled on my limbs; not pale ashes. O God of Love, wound me not again; hold not in thy hand that shaft, armed with an Amra flower! My heart is already pierced by arrows from Radha's eyes, black and keen, as those of an antelope. Her eyes are full of shafts; her eye-brows are bows. I meditate on her delightful embrace, on the ravishing glances darted from her eye, on the fragrant lotos of her mouth, on her nectar-dropping speech, on her lips, ruddy, as the berries of the Bimba. Yet even my fixed meditation, on such an assemblage of charms, increases, instead of alleviating the miseries of separation."

The female friend of Radha presents herself before Krishna, and relates in charming strains the destruction of her friend. I select only a few passages.

"She declares the gale of Malaya to be venom, and the sandal trees, through which it has breathed, to have been the haunt of serpents. Thus, O Madhava, is she afflicted in thy absence with the pain, which love's dart has occasioned; her soul is fixed on thee. Her face is like a water-lily, veiled in the dew of tears; and her eyes appear like moons eclipsed. Herself (alas! through thy absence) is become a timid roe; and love is the tiger, who springs on her, like Yama, the genius of death. Her sighs form a breeze long extended; and burn her, like the flame, which reduced Candarpa to ashes. She throws around her eyes, like blue water-lilies with broken stalks, dropping lucid streams. Even her bed of tender leaves appears, in her sight, like a kindled fire. The palm of her hand supports her aching temple, motionless, as the crescent rising at eve."

Krishna then replies to the maid. "Here have I chosen my abode; go quickly to Radha; soothe her with my message, and conduct her hither."

She hastens back and addresses her companion in the following very beautiful strains.

"Whilst a sweet breeze from the hills of Malaya, comes wafting on his plumes the young god of desire; while many a flower points his extended petals to pierce the bosom of separated lovers, the deity, crowned with sylvan blossoms, laments, O friend, in thy absence. Even the dewy rays of the moon burn him. When the bees murmur softly, he covers his ears. He quits his radiant place for the wild forests; where he seeks on a bed of cold clay, and frequently mutters thy name.—Having bound his locks with forest flowers, he hastens to your arbor; where a soft gale breathes over the banks of Yamuna. With a mind languid, as a drooping wing, feeble as a trembling leaf, he doubtfully expects thy approach; and timidly looks on the path, which thou must tread. O friend, hastily cast over thee thy azure mantle, and run to the gloomy bower. The reward of thy speed, O thou, who sparklest like lightning, will be to shine on the blue bosom of Murari; which resembles a vernal cloud, decked with a string of pearls, like a flock of white water-birds fluttering in the air. The bright beamed God sinks in the west. The blackness of the night is increased; and the passionate imagination of Govinda has acquired additional gloom. Seize the moment of delight in the place of affligation with the son of Devage."

But the maid, perceiving that Radha could not move from the place through excessive debility, hastens back, and describes to Krishna the situation of his beloved.

"She mourns, O sovereign of the world, in her verdant bower. She repeats again and again the name of Heri; and catching at a dark blue cloud, strives to embrace it; saying, "it is my beloved,



who approaches." If a leaf but quivers, she supposes thee arrived. She forebids her couch. She forms in her mind a hundred modes of delight. Yet if thou come not to the bower, she must die this night through excessive anguish. By this time the moon spread a net of beams over the groves of Vrindavan; and looked, like a drop of liquid sandal on the face of the sky; which smiled like a beautiful damsel; while its orb with many spots betrayed, as it were, a consciousness of guilt, in having often attended amorous maids to the loss of their family honor. The moon, with a black fawn couched on its disk, advanced in its nightly course; but Madhava had not yet advanced to the power of Radha, who thus bewailed his delay, with notes of varied lamentation."

The remainder of the *Gita Govinda* must be deferred to the next epistle of thy friend.

From EDGEMORTH'S *Practical Education*.

### TOYS.

A NURSERY, or a room in which young children are to live, should never have any furniture in it which they can spoil; as few things as possible should be left within their reach which they are not to touch, and at the same time they should be provided with the means of amusing themselves, not with painted or gilt toys, but with pieces of wood of various shapes and sizes, which they may build up and pull down, and put in a variety of forms and positions; balls, pulleys, wheels, strings, and strong little carts, proportioned to their age, and to the things which they want to carry in them, should be their playthings.

Prints will be entertaining to children at a very early age; it would be endless to enumerate the uses that may be made of them; they teach accuracy of sight, they engage the attention, and employ the imagination. In 1777, we saw L—, a child of two years old, point out every piece of furniture in the French prints of *Gil Blas*: in the print of the Canon at Dinner, he distinguished the knives, forks, spoons, bottles, and every thing upon the table: the dog lying upon the mat, and the bunch of keys hanging at Jacintha's girdle; he told, with much readiness, the occupation of every figure in the print, and could supply, from his imagination, what is supposed to be hidden by the foremost parts of all the objects. A child of four years old was asked, what was meant by something that was very indistinctly represented as hanging round the arm of a figure in one of the prints of the *London Critic*. He said it was a glove; though it had as little resemblance to a glove, as to a ribbon or a purse. When he was asked how he knew that it was a glove, he answered, "that it ought to be a glove, because the woman had one upon her other arm, and none upon that where the thing was hanging." Having seen the gown of a female figure in a print hanging obliquely, the same child said, "The wind blows that woman's gown back." We mention these little circumstances from real life, to show how early prints may be an amusement to children, and how quickly things unknown, are learnt by the relations which they bear to what was known before. We should at the same time observe, that children are very apt to make strange mistakes, and hasty conclusions, when they begin to reason from analogy. A child having asked what was meant by some marks in the forehead of an old man in a print; and having been told, upon some occasion, that old people were wiser than young ones, brought a print containing several figures to his mother, and told her that one, which he pointed to, was wiser than all the rest; upon enquiry, it was found that he had formed this notion from seeing that one figure was wrinkled, and that the others were not.

Prints for children should be chosen with great care; they should represent objects which are familiar; the resemblance should be accurate, and the manners should be attended to, or at least, the general moral that is to be drawn from them. The attitude of *Sephora*, the boxing lady in *Gil Blas*, must appear unnatural to children who have not

lived with termagant heroines. Perhaps, the first ideas of grace, beauty, and propriety, are considerably influenced by the first pictures and prints which please children. Sir Joshua Reynolds tells us, that he took a child with him through a room full of pictures, and that the child stopped, with signs of aversion, whenever it came to any picture of a figure in a constrained attitude.

### JEANNE-MARIE PHILIPON ROLAND.

MADAME ROLAND, born at Paris in the year 1756, was indebted to Nature for the most happy dispositions; and so well had she cultivated her talents, that, at the early age of eighteen, she had written some very profound reflections on the most abstruse subjects.

At what age she became the wife of M. Roland we do not learn; but she had never ceased her literary labors. Speaking, in one part of her works, of the writings that she composed when a girl, she says,—"I have a pretty large packet of my works, written previous to my marriage, piled up in a dusty corner of my library, or, perhaps, in a garret: never had I the slightest intention of one day becoming an author. I perceived, very early in life, that a woman who gained this title lost a great deal more than she acquired. The men do not love her; and her own sex criticise her: if her works be bad, she is ridiculed, and not without reason; if good, her title to them is disputed."

During the time of her husband's being Minister of the Interior, she was the author of many of the public papers signed by him, and which, for just composition, brilliancy of language, and patriotic sentiment, are, perhaps, unrivalled. To the enthusiasm of a spirited reformist she added a degree of firmness that gave weight to her decisions, and made her company be sought after by all the *Moderes* of Paris. Whenever Roland gave a political dinner, this lady always presided. She had at one time, indeed, her regular levees of statesmen, and was consulted as if she were Prime Minister.

Courteous in her demeanour, and easy in her manners, though her sound judgment and good sense awed her inferiors into respectful silence, yet she had those means of conciliation in her power which never failed to render her mistress of the principles and the views of those by whom she was consulted.

At length, Roland, having attached himself to the weakest party, became the object of jealousy and hatred; those who, in his prosperity, had courted him, and been deeply indebted to his favour, when his power was at end, shamefully abandoned him; and he and his wife were soon after included in one proscription. Her few remaining friends having heard that wicked men were lurking about the house, probably with the view of privately taking her life, declared her flight to be indispensable, and that it was necessary she should leave her house in other clothes than her own. The dress of a country girl was brought her to put on; but, some alteration being proposed in the cap, her natural fortitude revived, she indignantly threw it away with the rest of the dress, and said, "I am ashamed of the part that I am made to act: I will neither disguise myself, nor go out of the way. If I am to be assassinated, it shall be in my own house: I owe to my country this example of firmness, and I will give it."

Finding it necessary to place her daughter out of the reach of danger, she wrote to a Madame Mignot, who had undertaken her education, to send her to the family estate in the country, "to wait for more happy days; to cultivate her moral faculties, and prepare her to meet reverses without fearing them, as well as to enjoy prosperity without being ambitious of it; according to the

example of her parents, who have lived without reproach, and will die without terror."

Roland fought in flight security from his enemies; but his wife refused to go, thinking that, by staying and becoming herself the victim, she might turn aside the fury from her husband. On the 18 of June 1793, she was thrown into the dungeon of the Abbey, and afterwards removed to the prison of St. Pelagie.

During her imprisonment she composed some admirable "Memoirs" relative to the Events of the Revolution and to Herself. A few days before she was dragged to the scaffold, she said, "If Fate had allowed me to live, I believe I should have been ambitious of only one thing; and that would have been to write the *Annals* of the present Age, and to become the *Macaulay* of my country: I have, in my confinement, conceived a real fondness for Tacitus, and cannot go to sleep till I have read a passage of his work. It seems to me that we see things in the same light; and that, in time, and with a subject equally rich, it would not have been impossible for me to imitate his style."

Let any person read attentively the works of her's which have been published, and they will be convinced that no one could so justly aspire to be the Tacitus of her age as Madame Roland. She had every thing at her disposal; profound knowledge of the times and of men, fecundity of expression, grace and vigour of style, correctness of understanding, strength of character, and the love of virtue: with advantages so rich, who could more worthily hold the pencil of history? Vain hopes!—vain regrets! Early in November, after an imprisonment of five months, Madame Roland was led to execution without a murmur, and received death by the guillotine with a truly heroic firmness and serenity; exclaiming, as she bowed before the statue of Liberty, "O Liberty, what crimes are committed in thy name!"

On the 16th of the same month her husband privately left Paris, seated himself against a tree in an avenue about four leagues from Rouen, drew a sword from his walking-cane, plunged it into his breast, and died without the least change of his position.

### THE MARCHIONESS DE GANGE.

[Concluded from No. X.]

THE popular clamour continued loud against the three brothers; but the judges, after repeated examinations of the marquis, could find no proof against him, that could justify their condemning him to capital punishment. Yet they could by no means acquit him. On the 21st of August, they pronounced sentence that the abbe and the chevalier de Gange should be broken alive on the wheel; the marquis degraded from his nobility and banished the kingdom forever, and his fortune confiscated to the use of the king; and the priest Perette, after being deprived of his office by the ecclesiastical power, was condemned to the galleys for life. The ladies of Montpellier, who resented the assassination of Madame de Gange, as if every one of them had lost a sister, murmured extremely at the inadequate punishment of the marquis; which was perhaps the reason that, sometime afterwards, the marquis de la Douze, accused of poisoning his wife, was condemned to capital punishment; though there was only strong presumptive evidence against him.—Let us now see what became of the murderers; for there is little doubt but that the marquis may be reckoned among them; since, instead of pursuing his brothers to revenge the death of his wife, he rejoined them, it should seem, in perfect friendship. He and the chevalier offered themselves together to serve the republic of Venice, who were then at war with the Turks. The republic accepted their services, and sent them to the island of Archipel, (formerly Crete), where they signalled themselves



by their courage; till the chevalier was killed by the bursting of a bomb; and the marquis survived him only a few days, being blown up by a mine that the besieged sprung in the out-works; a death too glorious for two wretches stained with so infamous a crime. The priest Perette was chained to go to the gallies, but died on the road.

The history of the abbe, who was the most atrocious criminal, is longer. He took refuge in Holland, and got by some means or other a recommendation to the count de la Lippe, sovereign of the Viane, a country two leagues from Utrecht, where he changed his name and embraced the protestant religion. The count, to whose conversation he was admitted, found his understanding highly cultivated, and his manners elegant and refined, which induced him to entrust him with the education of his eldest son, then about nine or ten years of age. The abbe, by the pains he took with his pupil, and the noble sentiments with which he inspired him, made him a most accomplished youth, and gained for himself the esteem of the count and countess de la Lippe. He carefully concealed his birth, and suffered it to be believed, that his origin was obscure and mean. He became every day more and more in favour with his patrons; who had such an opinion of his judgment and capacity, that they consulted him on all occasions. It happened that a number of French protestants, who had quitted their country on account of their religion, were desirous about this time of settling in the Viane, and asked permission of the sieur de la Fare, the chief justice of the country, to build houses there; who told them they must obtain it of the count de la Lippe, to procure which he advised them to address themselves to their countryman, the sieur de la Martelliere (which was the name the abbe went by); but he fearing that if a body of French refugees were suffered to settle there, he should be known either by them or some of their connexions, persuaded the count to refuse his permission; and, in short, he entirely governed the count and his whole family; yet his heart was a prey to remorse and vexation. Notwithstanding which, he paid his addresses to a young lady nearly related to the countess, under whose protection she was, and inspired her with a mutual passion; which soon became known to the countess, who, though she had a great regard for de la Martelliere, could by no means think of suffering him to form an alliance with her relation, and therefore told the young lady, that though both the count and herself richly esteemed de la Martelliere, and meant to reward him generously for his services to their son, yet that they never would hear of her uniting herself with a man of obscure, and perhaps of scandalous birth, and that she must therefore think of it no more. The young lady, however, was not to be intimidated or persuaded; but immediately communicated to her lover the countess's objection to his birth; which occasioned his taking the most absurd resolution that ever entered the heart of a man of sense. He thought that in discovering his real situation, he should remove the obstacle of his wishes; taking therefore an opportunity of being alone with the countess, he threw himself at her feet, and told her, that since the supposed obscurity of his birth made him to be thought unworthy the honour to which he aspired, he was going to declare to her highness a secret of the utmost importance to his life—that he was not a wandering adventurer of mean origin, but that unhappy abbe de Gange, whose name was unfortunately but too well known, and whose crime had ever since pursued him with remorse and sorrow. The countess was so shocked at this declaration, that she flew from him in terror and confusion, and often declared, that every time she thought of the wretch who dared to make it, her blood ran cold to her heart. Thunder-struck to find that the man to whom they had entrusted the education of their son, was a murderer of the blackest die, the count and countess deliberated, at first, whether they should not seize him, and send him to France, to receive the punishment due to his crimes—he owed his safety, however, to the entreaties of the young prince, his pupil, but was ordered instantly

to quit the count's territories, and never again dare to appear in any part of them. This order he was forced to obey, and he then went to Amsterdam, where he taught languages sometime for his support. The young lady of whom he was enamoured followed him, and was secretly married to him; and his pupil, the young count, generously contributed to their support, till her fortune came into her possession. His good conduct obtained his admission into the protestant consistory, and he died sometime afterwards in that religion, well respected. One of his intimate acquaintances, to whom he had sometimes spoken of his former life, said, that he complained often of horrors of mind, and that he fancied he continually saw before him madame de Gange, such as she appeared when he stood before her with a pistol in his hand and saw her drink the poison. It is not for us to judge how far his subsequent repentance, and the remorse that pursued him, might expiate his dreadful crime—or what sufferings may hereafter be reserved for the horrid monster, who seems to have escaped in this world, the punishment due to his atrocious villainy!

Thus ends the story of the ill-fated Marchioness de Gange. And to those who feel themselves more interested in simple truths, than in the flowery fields of fiction, it will not, I trust, have been unwelcome.

ANTOINETTE.

#### For the LITERARY TABLET.

THE patrons of science have been numerous, in almost all ages of the world. The revolutions which have varied the face of nature, and chequered the life of man with innumerable vicissitudes, have never totally obscured the beauties of science, nor finally obliterated its excellencies. Although its progress has been varied with the rise and decline of states, and empires, still it has never, like them, insensibly glided into the vortex of oblivion. Its votaries have ever existed, animated with a laudable ambition in its support.

With pleasure we trace back the history of man and view the first dawns of science on the human mind. They arose and shone with increasing splendor, with the rise and improvement of society. When man first enjoyed the benefit of associating with his fellow man; for mutual aid and support, he then saw the necessity, and laid the foundations of science; foundations, on which has since been erected a fabric, whose top has reached to heaven.

Egypt, with undoubted propriety, claims the merit of having invented and cultivated, to a considerable degree of perfection, many of the most useful arts. To whatever period we trace back her history, we find her rapidly progressing in science and refinement. On the beautiful plains of Egypt and Babylon, were first invented and improved many of those arts and sciences, which exalt the human character. The pleasure enjoyed in the contemplation of Nature's works was a sufficient stimulus to prompt to an investigation of her operations. When once engaged in this delightful pursuit, the worthless toys of childhood, and the fleeting phantoms of trifling imaginations cease to please.—Thus Egypt, in the early ages of the world, became respectable in the literary department. But the decline of her government paved the way to ignorance. The sun of science arose and shone with brilliancy for a time, but at last sat never there to rise again. She laid the foundations, but left the superstructure to be reared by other nations.

Greece and Rome have each, in their turn, flourished in the literary world. The propagation and advancement of the arts and sciences was the peculiar study of their politicians. They gloried in being styled the patrons of science; and their efforts were crowned with extraordinary success, until the subversion of the Roman empire was effected, and the commencement of the dark ages involved the human race in oppression, ignorance and superstition.

The reign of Popish fanaticism was long. Gothic ignorance, for a number of centuries, beclouded the human mind, and involved the kingdoms of Europe in war, carnage and desolation.

A more important and happy era is not recorded in the annals of history, than that in which science began again to dawn upon the Eastern continent. This was a period, which liberated man from the bondage of ignorance and superstition, and raised him once more to an exalted station in the vast grade of created intelligences. The powers and faculties of the human mind had long been subjected to the fanatic caprice of the Popes. Foreign and domestic war had involved mankind in all the horrors, which human invention could contrive, or superstitious frenzy inflict.—Such was the deplorable situation of man, when the genius of science once more assumed its right, and refinement began to spread its benign influence over the nations of Europe. From that period, the patrons of science have greatly increased. The arts and sciences have arisen to a far greater height than in former ages, and proffer increasing happiness to man.

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#### EFFECTS OF SYMPATHY.

GOLDSMITH in his *Animated Nature* observes, in instances of the most violent passion, the under jaw has often an involuntary quivering motion; and often also, a state of languor produces another, which is that of yawning. Every one knows how very sympathetic this kind of languid motion is; and that for one person to yawn is sufficient to set all the rest of the company yawning. A ridiculous instance of this was commonly practised upon the famous M'Laurin, one of the professors at Edinburgh. He was very subject to have his jaw dislocated; so that when he opened his mouth wider than ordinary, or when he yawned he could not shut it again. In the midst of his harangues, therefore, if any of his pupils began to be tired of his lecture, he had only to gape or yawn, and the professor instantly caught the sympathetic affection; so that he thus continued to stand speechless, with his mouth wide open, till his servant, from the next room, was called in to set his jaw again. H.

#### NAKED ELBOWS.

A WORTHY Clergyman in Yorkshire, lately deceased, bequeathed, in his will, a considerable property to his own daughter, on the subsequent conditions;—first, that she did not enter into the state of matrimony without the consent of his two executors, or their representatives; secondly, that she dressed with greater decency than she had hitherto been accustomed to do. The Testator's words are—

"But as my daughter ANN hath not attended to my admonitions respecting the filthy and lewd custom of dressing with naked elbows, my will is, that in case she persists in so gross a violation of female decency, the whole of the property devised by me as aforesaid, and intended as a provision for her future life, shall go to the eldest son of my sister Caroline—, and his heirs lawfully begotten. To those who may say this restriction is severe, I answer, that, an indecent display of personal habiliments in woman, is a certain indication of intellectual depravity."

WIGS.

ONE pound and a half of flour, half a pint of milk made warm, a quarter of a pint of yeast:—mix them, and cover it up; let it lay before the fire half an hour: then take half a pound of sugar, half a pound of butter, and make wigs, with as little flour as possible. Quick oven.

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RECIPE for making red hair black. BLACK lead and ebony shavings, of each one ounce, of clear water, one pint, boil all together one hour; and when fine, bottle for use. The comb must be often wetted, and the hair frequently combed, and if required to be of a fine black, add two ounces of camphire.



THE COTTAGE.

BY the side of a stream, at the foot of a hill,  
In a neat little cot that was join'd to a mill,  
Liv'd a family blest with sweet smiling content;  
And the neighbors care'd them wherever they went.

For old Ralph was a man of devotion and truth,  
Who had walk'd with his God from the morning  
of youth;  
And the close of his life, like an ev'ning in May,  
Seem'd to promise the cloudless return of the day.

His partner was all that a partner should be;  
She was pious and modest, yet cheerful and free;  
All her household affairs she could manage with  
ease;  
And the joy of her heart was her husband to please.

Heaven blest them with children, but took them  
again;  
So that now only Ralph and his partner remain.  
At the church, in the village, at market or fair,  
They were known by the name of the happy old  
pair.

When the stranger sat down by the side of the way,  
Overcome by his toils, or the heat of the day,  
Poor old Ralph would invite him, with hearty  
good-will,  
To take rest in the cottage that stood by the mill.

When the wild blasts of winter roar'd fearfully  
round,  
And the oaks of the forest were torn from the  
ground,  
When the snow-drifting cloud in the valley was  
spread,  
And the dark shades of night fill'd the traveler  
with dread;

In poor Ralph's little cottage a shelter he found,  
Where the neat blazing hearth shed its lustre around;  
While with sweet social converse the night stole  
away,  
And the traveler forgot all the toils of the day.

They had no secret treasure, they pitied the poor;  
They reliev'd ev'ry beggar that came to their door;  
Forty winters they liv'd on that sweet little spot,  
And the owners of kingdoms might envy their lot.

But, alas! unexpected their old landlord died;  
And his heir, a young upstart, the vassal of pride,  
Said poor Ralph's little cottage disfigur'd his  
grounds,  
For he there had determin'd to kennel his hounds.

So the mill and the cottage were order'd away;  
And poor Ralph and his partner no longer could  
stay.

How the neighbours all wept as they walk'd up  
the hill,  
When the workmen began to demolish the mill!

To the poor-house they went, where each day may  
be seen  
Poor old Ralph, at the window that looks o'er the  
green  
Where his cottage once stood; and is oft heard to  
say,  
While he sighs from his heart, "Well-a-day! well-  
a-day!"

To a Lady playing on the LUTE.

THE trembling strings about her fingers crowd,  
And tell their joy for ev'ry kiss aloud;  
Small force there needs to make them tremble so;  
Touch'd by that hand, who would not tremble  
too?

Here Love takes stand, and while she charms the  
ear,  
Empties his quiver on the listening deer:

MUSIC so softens and disarms the mind,  
That not one arrow does resistance find:  
Thus the fair tyrant celebrates the prize,  
And acts herself the triumph of her eyes.  
So Nero once, with harp in hand, survey'd  
His flaming Rome, and as that burnt he play'd.

[The following lines, by Sir J. Suckling, though they contain less poetry, possess more truth and better instruction, than the more elaborate productions of our modern Ovids.]

WHY so pale and wan, fond lover?

Prishee why so pale?

Will, when looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?

Prishee why so mute?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do't?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,

This cannot take her;

If of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her:

The Devil take her.

A SONG.

SOON the Cherub of Love shall the tidings impart,  
That I've taken to my arms the dear girl of my  
heart!  
On our journey thro' life we may meet many foes,  
Yet the world we must take just as the world goes.

At the gay chequer'd scene of life's giddy maze,  
Blest with thee for my wife! I'll indifferently gaze;  
Let but cherry-cheek'd health our moments be-  
guile,  
And the frowns of ill-luck we'll disperse with  
a smile.

Should misfortune assail us, those gales I'll call  
MINE,  
Whilst the gales of good-luck shall be reckon'd as  
THINE;  
But whatever sensations these gales may create,  
Let our conduct be just—then rely upon Fate.

Should my Anna e'er think that I've acted amiss,  
And so thinking refuse me the boon of a kiss;  
Thus my error I'll plead—whilst my reason is left,  
I'll blush at my guilt—then be guilty of THIS.

Should our union be blest with an offspring of love,  
A friend—a protector—a father I'll prove—  
And oh! it should be—would fate hear my prayer,  
To thy graces—thy form—thy virtues—the heir;

As our hair silvers o'er, and by age we grow weak,  
And thy bloom be no more, but furrow'd thy  
cheek;  
When we view our lives past, may they spotless  
appear,  
And ne'er make those furrows the course for a  
TEAR!

[The following beautiful sentiment, expressed by a charming young lady to a once dissolute but reformed libertine, may be an answer to the thousand senseless quibbles advanced by some morose and crabbed moralists against every species of modern instruction, clothed in the garb of fiction. In the "West Indian," Louisa has addressed the penitent Belcour.]

"Upon the part of virtue I am not empowered to speak; but if hereafter as you range through life you should surprise her in the person of some wretched female poor as myself and not so well protected, enforce not your advantage, complete not your licentious triumph, but raise her, rescue her and reconcile her to herself again."

ANECDOTE OF ADMIRAL SIR T. HOBSON.

THIS extraordinary man was born at Bonchurch, in the Isle of Wight. He was left an orphan at a very early age, and apprenticed by the parish to a tailor—a species of employment ill suited to his enterprising spirit. As he was one day sitting alone on the shopboard, casting his eyes towards the sea, he was struck with the appearance of a squadron of men of war coming round Dunnoose; and following the first impulse of his fancy, he quitted his work and ran down to the beach, when he caught the painter from the first boat he saw, jumped on board, and plied the oars so well, that he quickly reached the admiral's ship, where he entered as a volunteer, turned the boat adrift, and bade adieu to his native place. Early the next morning the admiral fell in with a French squadron, and in a few hours a warm action commenced, which was fought on both sides with equal bravery. During this time Hobson obeyed his orders with great cheerfulness and alacrity; but after fighting two hours he became impatient, and inquired of the sailors what was the object for which they were contending? On being told the action must continue till the white flag at the enemy's main-head was struck, he exclaimed: "Oh, if that's all, I'll see what I can do!" At this moment the ships were engaged yard-arm and yard-arm, and obscured in the smoke of the guns. Our young hero took advantage of this circumstance, determined either to hawl down the enemy's colors, or perish in the attempt. He accordingly mounted the shrouds unperceived, walked the horse of the main-yard, gained that of the French admiral, and, ascending with agility to the main-top-mast head, struck and carried off the French flag, with which he returned; and, at the moment he gained his own ship, the British tars shouted "Victory," without any other cause than that the enemy's flag had disappeared. The crew of the French ship being thrown into confusion, in consequence of the loss of their colors, ran from their guns, and, while the admiral and officers, equally surprised at the event, were endeavoring to rally them, the British tars seized the opportunity, boarded the vessel, and took her. If Hobson at this juncture descended the shrouds with the French admiral's flag wound round his arm, and displayed it triumphantly to the sailors on the main-deck, who received his prize with the utmost rapture and astonishment. This heroic action being mentioned on the quarter-deck, Hobson was ordered to attend there; and the officers, far from giving him credit for his gallantry, gratified their envy by brow-beating him, and threatening him with punishment for his audacity; but the admiral, on hearing of the exploit, observed a very opposite conduct. "My lad," said he to Hobson, "I believe you to be a very brave young man; from this day I order you to walk the quarter-deck, and, according to your future conduct, you shall obtain my patronage and protection." Hobson soon convinced his patron that the countenance shown him was not misplaced. He went rapidly and satisfactorily through the several ranks of the service, until he became an admiral.

In an old antiquated volume entitled "The Art of English Poetry," we notice the following odd reference.

NOBILITY. See BASTARD.

Hanover, N. H.

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